

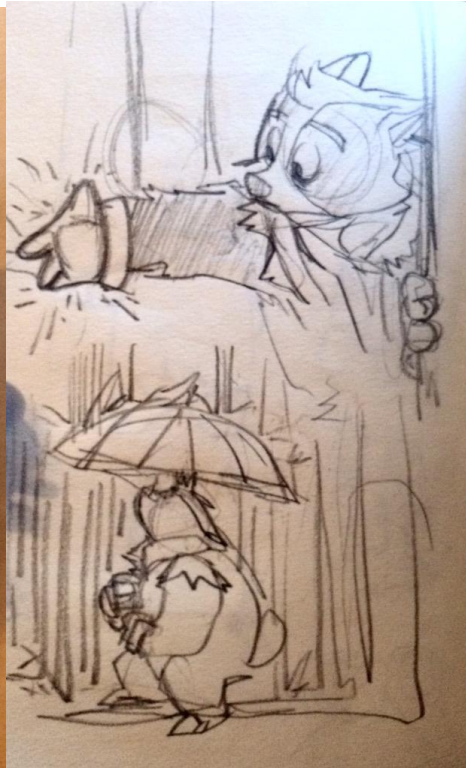
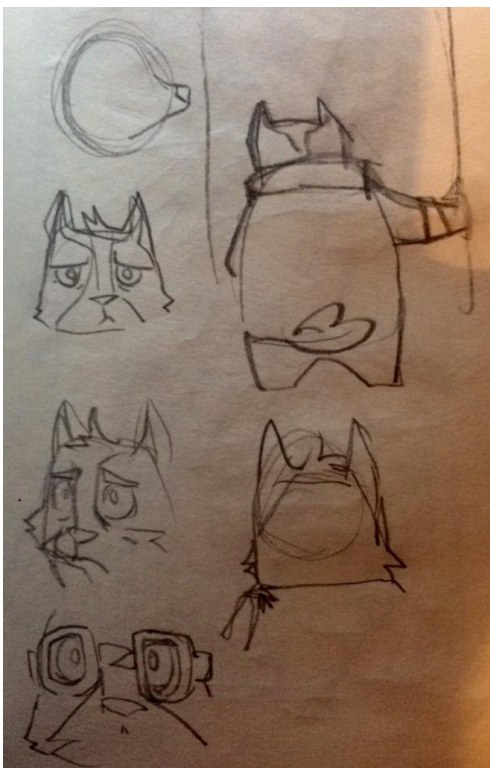
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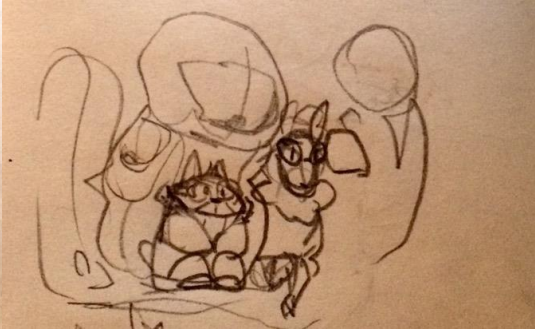
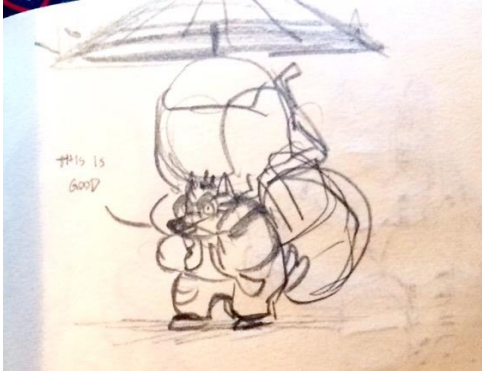
* Claw, Fin and Gwen run out to try and catch Nick before he does something crazy.

* This prompts a timid Honey to leave her bunker for the first time in many years.

* BUCKY AND ERNIE FIND
the POLICE BUILDING EMPTY

68



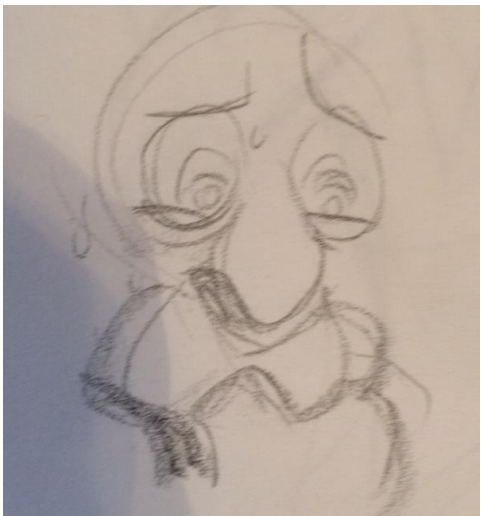
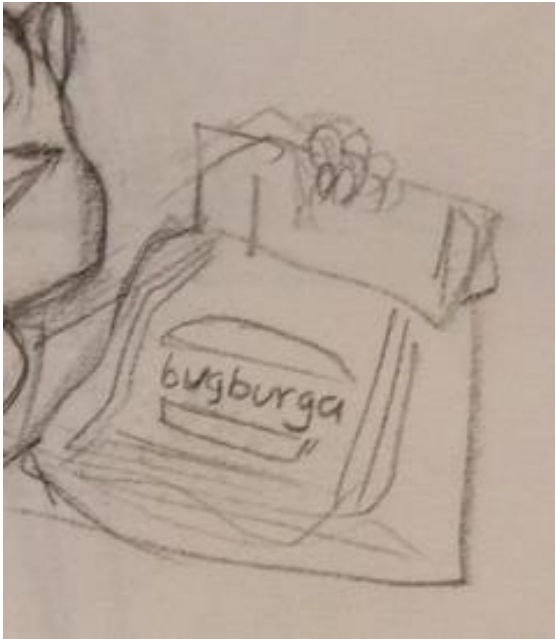


ZPD is empty: Manchaz throws up in the back seat



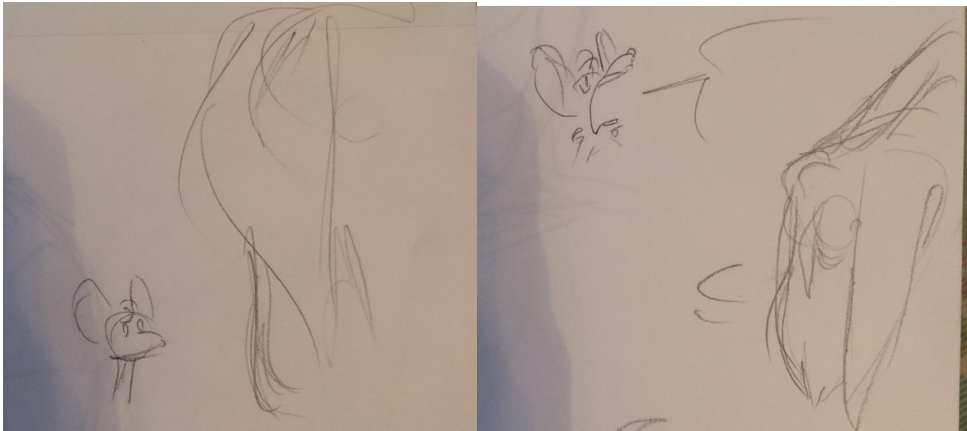














68

(The Third Rail)

Buford is making a call from his office

Buford: aren't there rules to keep this sort of thing from happening?

Voice: we can't just deny service to rabbits, sir! ~~T~~hey paid the tax and everything!

Buford: are you not seeing- there are over TWO HUNDRED of them!

Voice: and they PAID and EVERYTHING!

Buford: then give them their money back! We can afford it! I don't want a warren that big arriving downtown, you hear me? Until you figure out a way to get them off the train, all rides are delayed!

[CCTV recordings shows rabbits pouring onto trains, whooping and hollering. Young children climbing up the standing passenger poles, others gawking at the few larger guests now trapped in their seats. They had been recorded before, and are playing on a loop from behind him.]

Voice: I'm afraid that's not happening, sir. The ZTA cannot deny service to any mammal providing we have the ability to accommodate them and their needs.

Buford: And if I give the word, the ZTA won't have the power to run.

Voice: that'd be your prerogative, sir.

68 (The Third Rail part 2: rabbits on a train)

There is an awkward silence on the train

Kevin: (whispering) there aren't a lotta chompers on this train, George

G: predators, Kevin, predators. And we're just not looking hard enough. Keep your eyes peeled for a collar.

Joey: ooh, how about him?!

A collared coyote sits near a window, with a newspaper.

Kev: um

G: come on!

The coyote lowers his newspaper, sees the rabbits grinning at him, and raises it again. He's terribly nervous.

Commented [1]: just added that to see if it would give him some extra exasperation. Do you NOT SEE- (frustration) There are over TWO HUNDRED OF THEM!

Commented [2]: I wanted to give her a more formal way of saying "screw you" so she'd sound more removed from the conversation at the end.

Joey: pardon me, stranger!

The coyote ignores him, grips his newspaper harder. (The headline says "Happytown on Lockdown")

Joey: hey! excuse me!!

Kev: he doesn't wanna talk, let's go

Joey: I said pardon me!

Coyote: [from behind newspaper] what?!

Joey: ...

George: do you-

The train stops. The lights go out.

[the coyote finally drops his newspaper. The rabbits all look around]

Conductor: attention, passengers, power supply has been cut off. We ask that you remain in your seats. All Predators are asked to stay on the opposite side of the compartment. The ZTA is currently working on this problem and we will be moving shortly-

[The rabbits are stare at the coyote]

Cut to Tundratown power plant, where the ZTA generators just got shut down. Buford is looking pissed

Goon: you sure about this, boss? This is the whole city being delayed here!

Buford: [dragging on a cigarette, too hard] just until all those rabbits get bored and head back to their little holes.

Goon 2: and if they don't?

Buford: [he flings the cigarette past the goon] They always do.

(Back in the train)

Bunny child: it's DARK!

Other bunny child: are we gonna die here?

Bert: it's a sign! We shouldn't have left the burrows!

Chatter and panic fills the train car

Larger mammal: pfft. Rabbits.

Diane: come on, guys, this is embarrassing!

68 (The Third Rail part 3: cold fish)

It's quiet in Kozlov's conditioned limo. They are stuck in traffic caused by a stopped train- right in front of the tracks. The Angels are sitting opposite Kozlov, Morris in between them. He looks disgruntled and miserable.

Kozlov looks contemplative.

Kozlov: how are things at school?

Morris: ok

Kozlov: ...

Kozlov: (sighs) alright.

View from outside of the limo, the Angels are thrown out

Kozlov: you are fired. Give us privacy.

Cherry: hey!

Angel: WHAT?! (Buzz)

Nilla: Now wait just a-

He slams the door in their faces

He places his disgruntled son on his lap

Kozlov: maybe, now we can talk? You have my undivided attention.

Morris: [he looks away, scoffing] oh, NOW I do?

K: [Kozlov drags his son's head back] yes, all day. Just you and papa. No interference. We will do whatever YOU want today.

Morris: ... anything?

Kozlov: come now. what can I do to put a smile on the face of my little big bear?

Morris: ...

Morris: make the train go.

Kozlov: train?

Morris sticks his head out the window

Morris: the one blocking traffic! We've been sitting here for an hour, and everyone is waiting for it to move!

Kozlov: why not just walk away, and leave traffic?

Morris: if EVERYONE did that, we'd just end up with a parking lot! The train needs to move. It's the only way.

Kozlov: that is crazy. I can't do that.

Morris: You said you'd do whatever I wanted to do!

K: I meant, to go get ice cream or something, not- not move mountains!

Morris: I'm not asking you to move a mountain. Just a train.

Morris: but you wouldn't do THAT for me either, so...

K:...

He makes a call

K: hello? Ishmaiah

K: make the train on Hamstead road railway crossing move

K: what do you mean the entire ZTA is not moving? (snarling) FIX IT! (Buzz)

(We are now with Ishmaiah, who is also a polar bear)

Ish: but this is outside my job description!

K: (through the phone) your job is to do what I say. Make the train move. Or be ICED. Is that clear? Or do you need a demonstration?

I: c-crystal. Not like ice. Which is opaque.

K hangs up.

Ish goes from frazzled to fiendish. He turns to his polar peers.

I: alright jerks! The boss says he wants the ZTA running like tap water.

Snarlov: the boss said that? Since when does he use the ZTA?

I: I DON'T KNOW, SNARLOV! Just SHUT YOUR MOUTH AND TAKE ORDERS!

At the train tracks

I: where do we stand?

Lucy drops a fish on the electric rail. It just sits there, cold and slimy

Lucy: Cold fish.

Ishmaiah: who do we have closest to the power station?

Elsewhere in Tundratown, Vlad and his bunch are eating pawpsicles outside his van. He answers the phone in his van.

Vlad: boss wants us to what?

Vlad: how do you know it's the power station?

Ish screams at him through the phone

Vlad: alright alright! LADS, MOVE!

All five bears enter the white van

Cut to view outside the power station, a van shaped hole in the fence

A stag security guard is on the phone at his station

Stag: ...oh no, babe, I'd just avoid those areas. You don't wanna run into anyone dangerous-(the line cuts) hello? what the-

The shadow of a bear looms over him

Bear: tell us what we want to know, and you just might make it out...

68 (The Third Rail part 4: he sleeps with the borscht)

A bear claw turns the generator back on

Vlad on the phone: how's that?

-

Far away, a bear drops another fish on the rail. It fries.

All the polar bears cheer.

-

In the pitch black train:

Voice singing: STAAAAAY DOWN HERE WHERE YOU BELOOONG-

2nd voice: SING IT, JOEY!

Other voice singing: THOSE GOATS WHO LIVE ABOVE YOU DON'T KNOW RIGHT FROM WROOONG

Joey: TO PLEASE THEIR QUEEN, THEY'LL TROT ON OUT TO WAR

Other singing voice: BUT NOT A ONE OF EM KNOWS WHAT HE'S BUTTING FOOR!!!

Commented [3]: I loved this part!

I also feel like it could have worked if the bears took the phone from him and said "he'll call you back"

The person on the other line asking, "who is this!" but wont know, before the Bear is hanging up for him.

And then the line, "tell us what we want to know, and you might make it out..."

(I wanted to give the person on the other line the voice of these "anyone dangerous" that the Guard was referring to.)

But I LOVE this, and can easily see both.

The lights come back on

Coyote: [with a bunny on each shoulder] WAYYY UP ABOVE, THEY SAY THAT IM A RABBIT AND A COWARD!

Joey: hey, the trains moving!

Bunnies all cheer, and it's contagious

-

Morris: see? That wasn't hard!

Kozlov smiles at him through gritted teeth, then turns back to the phone

Kozlov: the energy mogul?!

-

Vlad: yeah!

Buford is tied up and shoved in the back of the van

Buford: YOU CAN'T DO THIS TO-

Vlad: Sorry boss, can't hear you. Hold on. [he lands a good punch in Buford's gut. Buford hacks, but stops talking, wheezing in the back of the van.]

Vlad: Sorry about that. Yeah I can hear you. what do we do with him? Just hang onto him? Whatever you say boss!

He hangs up, and a bunch of bear shadows loom over the bull before slamming the door shut on him

What I ended up doing was adding to either add to the scenery or clipping at any excess words. But for the most part I tried to add to the atmosphere that already existed in the line. I loved these four parts! And oh my god, I can't wait to see them reimaged. Feel free to edit any of my edits! These were just my suggestions!

(Rockers)

Script by nicolaswildes with edits by humanityinahandbag

Location is outside the SheePGB, as punks are loading up a big bus for a trip. The comically small television sits on the curb.

TV Reporter: "in attempt to derail the influx of the rabbit population currently trekking into the heart of the city, citizens have taken to blocking off their streets"

Shitzen: "No rabbits are running me out of MY apartment! They can go back to the open country, where there's room for them!"

Shitzen 2: "I don't know what they're thinking, coming to these parts in such big numbers. Aren't they scared of getting stepped on or run over? Mice never pull anything like this!"

Punk hippo (Big Mat) steps on the TV

Sam (punk raccoon): YOU STEPPED ON THE TV!
Spikey (hedgehog): yeah, we was WATCHIN THAT!

Punk Porcupine: Cut the slacktivism, fellas. You guys ready to get in front of an actual camera? THIS IS OUR TIME!

Stinky (skunk): so are we smashing up the shop windows and spray painting rude words on doorsteps?

Spencer (hog): NO, moron! That's COUNTERPRODUCTIVE!

Nate (wolf): are we gonna rampage the hospitals and destroy every shipment of Happy Collas before they start handin em out?

Aaron the Baron (lion): no point. There are doctors already doing that, it'll just make us look opportunistic.

Dubba (hyena): can we spread our song of rebellion through the streets, parading with the spirit of rock and roll vibrating in our hearts?

Busch (v old sheep): I admire your lack of guile, kiddo, but the streets are paved with people ignoring them. Whereas we're going BIG TIME

Busch: TO CITY HALL!

[using the antennae of the old tv as a sword, he swings it into the air, one foot propped on the sparking mess of a TV]

Sheena: wait, in Savannah Central? Where all those rabbits are headed?

Busch: something the matter, Sheena? You gonna bunny out on us here?

McSpaniel, flocked by Tom the Cat: we need numbers, Sheena! Big numbers!

Sheena: I never said I wasn't coming! I just...

Dubba picks her up

Dubba: it'll be alright, yanno? We'll be fine.

Sheena: (wheeze)

Elsewhere in front of Gazelle's tour bus

(Knock knock knock)

Lee: HEY GAZELLE! I just thought you should know what we're up to! There was this guy going around uncollaring preds... he uncollared so many that they put out a wanted poster for him,

Commented [4]: maybe have her take out a wanted poster, waving it in front of Gazelle's van. Letting it fall to the road after a few seconds

(she pulls out one of his wanted posters, which someone has taken to "punkifying", then drops it)

and then foxes turned themselves in pretending to be him... jails are practically full! the cops blocked off Happytown, but I heard some of them are getting out, not sure how though... word is that they're headed to Savannah Central, so that's where we're going! Ain't that great?

Commented [5]: "ain't that great!" [long silence]

Lee: it turns out that there's doctors on our side! And they're uncollaring us too! But now hospitals are running kinda janky and we're not sure how long it'll be until they start arresting doctors.

Commented [6]: "Ain't that great!" [still, silence]

Lee: also word of uncollaring operations in the Nocturnal. They're uncollaring everybody down there! Good, right?

Commented [7]: Isn't that good! [silence]

Lee: now RABBITS are showing up by the bushel in the city and we really don't know why... but it seems like a good sign, right? RIGHT?

Commented [8]: "It's a good sign, right? Right!"

Lee: I just think that maybe... YOU should be out here

Lee: because good things are happening, things that you believed in

Lee: and I know you're still upset about... all that... cause everyone needs a cry sometimes.

Lee: but you're still a hero. You should be out here, being a hero, and spreading what you believe in.

Lee: ...

Commented [9]: after a long silence, Lee adds, "that's great, right? ...Ain't that great?"

Lee: I wanna make a difference. Kinda like how you do.

(She pulls out spray paint)

Lee: so I'm gonna spray paint a giant peace symbol on your wagon

The door opens and a dressed and ready Gazelle looks down at her.

Gazelle: (sighs) get in the van.

Lee: :D

68 part 2(Rabbits and Chompers)

Myriad bunnies exit central station, and stand in front of the glorious downtown for the first time. They are accompanied by a number of mammals they met on the train.

Joey: so where would YOU go for a picnic, Reese?

Coyote: aw geez, in this parta town? They'd just give me dirty looks til I get sick of it and scat!

Joey: no no no, you're with US today! And NO one messes with a population!

Bunny kid bounces past: you betcha, mister!

Bunny mom: To have population control, you gotta control a population.

Bunny dad: I'd like to see them TRY!

Reese: you really mean it? You want me to come picnicking with you?

George: yeah, guest of honor!

Reese tearing up: well, if you don't mind me saying, I don't think a prey mammal's ever been so civil to me before- let alone a bunch of em!

Kev: would you excuse us for a second?

[smile dulcet, palming George's arm]

He takes George away

They are standing on a manhole (mammalhole?)

Kev: so what, you think this guy proves anything?

George: he's certainly been nothing but docile, hasn't he?

Kev: and he's COLLARED, too.

George: so?

[turning around to point at Reese, currently acting as a jungle gym for a few smaller rabbits]

Kev: so he'd probably bite if he wasn't!

George: now, wait just a minute, THAT wasn't part of the bet!

Kev: oho! then maybe we need to rethink the conditions!

George: YOU don't GET to rethink the conditions, YOU invoked the negligibility of your common little bunny life!

Kev: maybe it's time to rethink what a bunny bet IS. I say we change the bet from any five collared preds, to ONE uncollared pred!

George: we already-

Kev: ah ah ah! [wagging his finger] who ISN'T Nick Wilde!

George: [slapping the finger out of his face] well where the hell are we supposed to find an uncollared predator in the middle of the-

The manhole immediately rises and lifts them both off the ground; a bunch of uncollared preds poke their heads out.

Commented [10]: I wanted to add all the questions to give Gazelle the chance to answer. And when she doesn't, that final reveal of the door opening will answer all the "ain't that great"s that have been hitting silence.

Also, that ":D" is making my day.

Commented [11]: Bunny Kid 1: to have population control, you gotta control a population!

Bunny Kid 2: CAN'T CONTROL US!

Commented [12]: [smile dulcet, palming George's arm]

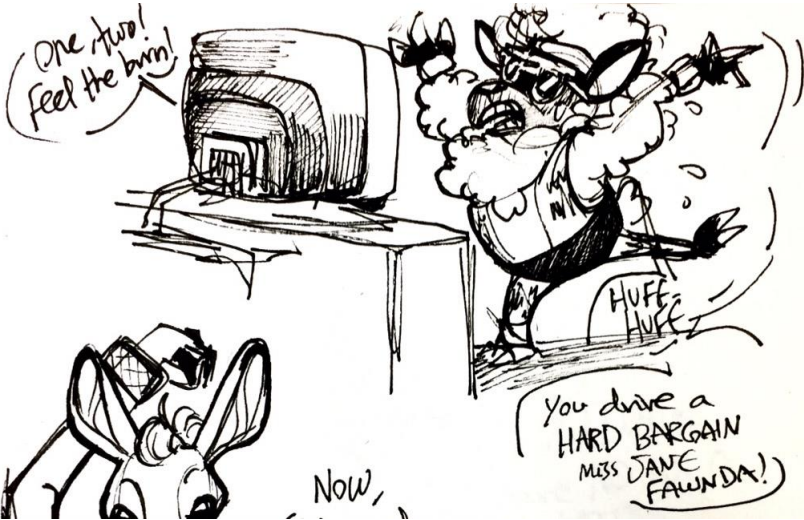
Commented [13]: lol yes

Commented [14]: [turning around to point at Reese, currently acting as a jungle gym for a few smaller rabbits]

Commented [15]: "ah ah ah!" [wagging his finger]

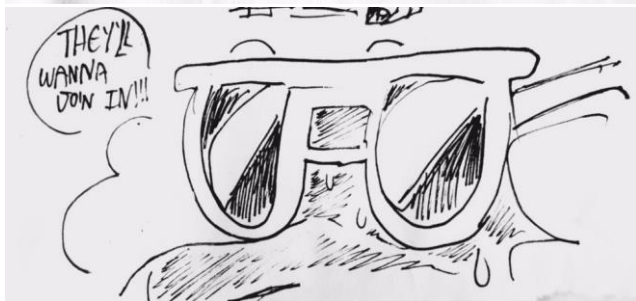
Commented [16]: [slapping the finger out of his face]

(Goatkeeping part 1)

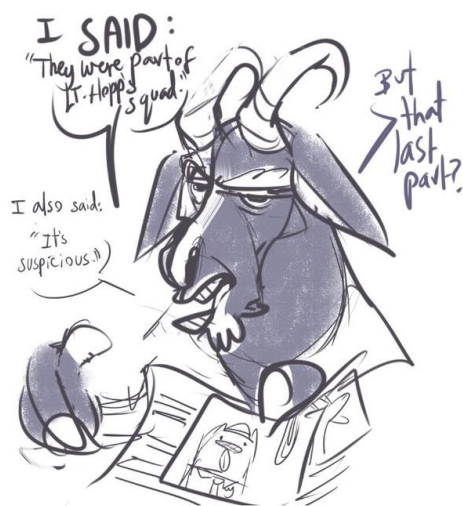


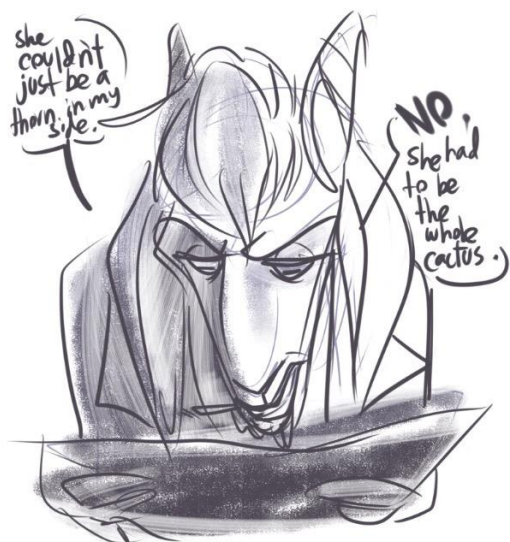
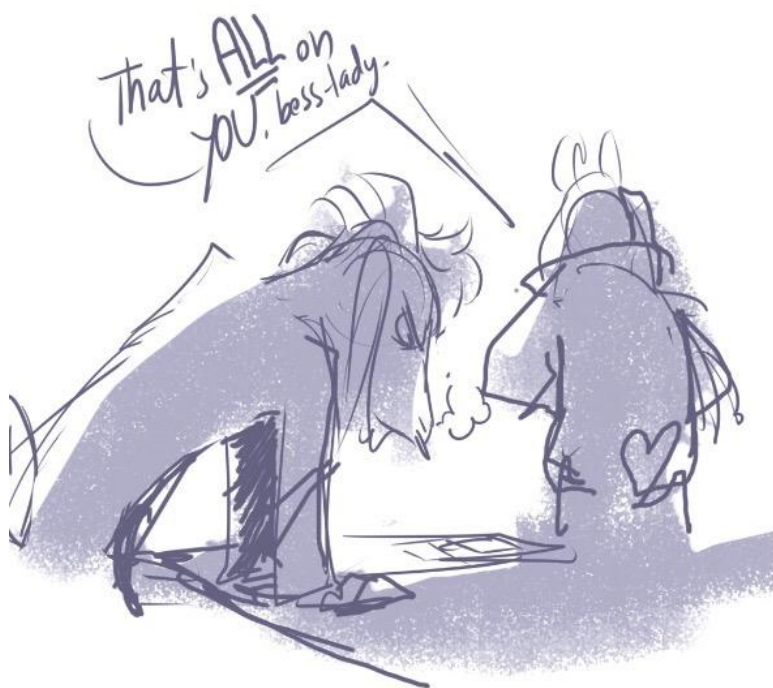




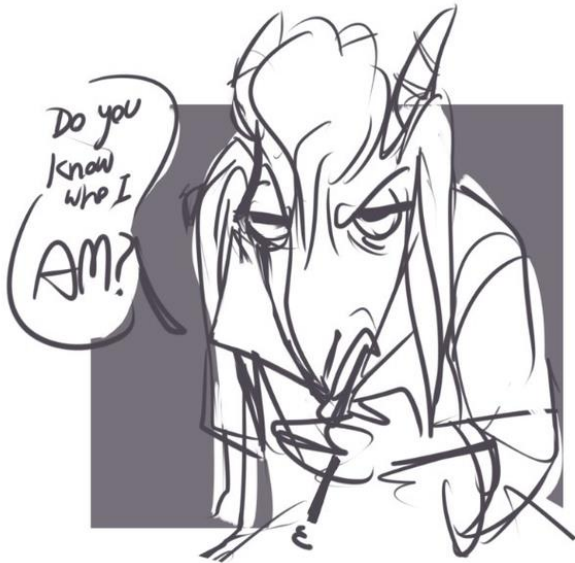


(Goatkeeping part 2)











chill out, Nan.
For all we know, it was
a boating trip gone wrong



(A boating
trip that
resulted
in me
losing
Mister
Munches.

While chompers
are going collarless
left, right and
center.



Happs is the connection.
And Wild Times is in
on it.

who
knows
how
deep
the
rabbit
hole
goes.



(Goatkeeping part 3)

At the Cud News studios someone is editing up footage for a new story

On a screen, an uncollared pred is accompanied by a police officer in Happytown

Reporter: can you tell us why you're so ADAMANTLY against the new collar?
Pred: no more of this constant emotional policing! That's just what the new collar is, a new way to keep predators under control!
Officer: you NEED to be controlled!
Pred: what I NEED is the right to EXPRESS MYSELF like any UNCOLLARED PREY MAMMAL WOULD! I refuse to be silenced! I refuse to-
The officer zaps him with a taser gun

Baarney enters the room, flocked by dozens of other mammals

Baarney: THIS NARRATIVE IS ALL WRONG!
Mammal 1: BUT SIR, we can't just CHANGE IT UP, this is PERFECT FODDER!
Mammal 2: the more prey mammals are aware of the riots, the more they hide in their homes, watching TV and avoiding it! Remember Stonewool? The Species Riots at Pork? The ratings were rocketing! We pushed a whole new demographic-
Baarney: BUT YOU'RE DOING IT WRONG! You're making the rioters look like HEROES by giving em so much attention!
Mammal 1: they did not appear THAT FAVORABLE-
Baarney: shows how much YOU KNOW, you BLOCKHEAD!

Baarney turns to the guy in front of the screens

Baarney: YOU! Buckstein! **Splice his dialogue! [jamming finger against the Television where the Pred is freeze framed mid taze]**

Buckstein: what?

Baarney: flipping new recruits.... Like this!

He turns to the keyboard and taps away

Pred: what- predators- NEED is - to collar- the- PREY MAMMAL! I refuse to be silenced!

Baarney: see? POETRY! Could use some trimming.
Buckstein: that's so wrong.
Baarney: it's MASS MEDIA. It's what we DO.
Mammal 2: I agree with the new guy, sir, **our numbers are up as it is, and this is a shifty narrative to push. It just isn't logical. Sensationalist even. They discarded their old collars. Why would they-**
Baarney: Baarbaraaaaa, it's like it's your first day here! You know how this works. Events occur. We filter them DISCRIMINATELY- which you failed to do.
[once more, jamming his finger against the screen where the pred is frozen in the middle of what looks like a tirade]
And we skew them to suit our agenda- which you ALSO failed to do. And we feed **them** to a trusting public that construes this information to feed their ever-breeding personal biases, which will eventually culminate in the

Commented [17]: "Remember last years riots! The ratings went up then! We pushed a whole new demographic-"

Commented [18]: [jamming finger against the Television where the Pred is freeze framed mid taze]

Commented [19]: "our numbers are up as it is, and this is a shifty narrative to push"

Commented [20]: [once more, jamming his finger against the screen where the pred is frozen in the middle of what looks like a tirade]

rise of other-

Mammal 4 bursts in

Mammal 4: THE RATINGS ARE IN!

He shoves the papers in Baarney's face

Baarney: HEY, DON'T INTERRUPT ME WHEN I'M TALKING, you-

Baarney:....



Baarbara: well? How're we faring?

Baarney pauses at the number of eyes on him. He stands on a chair.

Baarney: ahem

Baarney: Alright, everyone. Keep doing exactly what you're doing right now.

Baarney: I want you to grab the supple, plump bosoms of this borderline cataclysmic event and MILK IT. MILK THE EVENT. Whatever crazy things are going on out there, I want them COVERED! FROM ALL CORNERS! BY ALL OUR NETWORKS!

Baarney: I WANT THE EYES OF EVERY NON-RIOTING CITIZEN GLUED TO THEIR TV SCREEN

DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?!

His employees get excited and cheer, and run out to do their jobs

Baarney: A little conflict of interest never hurt no one

68 part 3 (Rockers, Rabbits and Chompers)

At city hall, a ewe is on a typewriter in her little cubicle, typing up a government report

Ram: hey Fleecia...

Fleecia: (groans) is it important, Ramses?

Ramses: you still ticky tacking on that dusty old typewriter? Don't you get sick of those ancient things?

Fleecia: (through her teeth) it gets the job done.

Ramses: well you should check out my new-

Ramses: (grunts as he pulls up a gigantic box with a tiny little screen)

Ramses: (singing) LAAAAPTOOOP!

Fleecia: (deadpan, not even looking at him) yes, I'm just envious

Ramses: (grunting under the weight of it) ya like that, huh? I could get you hooked up with a nice one for cheap, yanno...

Fleecia: I am never sleeping with you.

Ramses: (the weight gives in and he is crushed under the computer)

A small flock of sheep and gnus pass by the cubicle, chattering

Gnu: hasn't anyone seen the assistant mayor? Maybe he can handle it!

Sheep: he's never around anyway, always on vacation leave

Sheep2: did anyone call the police? I mean they are trespassing, right? THEY'RE TRESPASSING!

Sheep3: they're outside, not inside-

Sheep2: CALL THE POLICE ANYWAY!

Fleecia: it would be swell if you could keep your panic bleating down, because some of us actually DO work around here...

Gnu2: HAVE YOU LOOKED OUTSIDE?

Fleecia, who is seated right next to a window: if it's not my department's business, then it's not my business.

More ungulates look out her window and panic. Fleecia just keeps typing.

Down on the steps of city hall, the rabbits, rockers and chompers are picnicking.

Tulip: tell me more about what it's like being so gorgeous...

Uncollared Tigress: ...

The tigress picks her up by the scruff of her dress and gently deposits her next to none other than Herman J. Ermine.

Herman (collared): DON'T HURT ME! (Bzzt)

Tulip: haha, what?

Joey: you gotta tell us, what does a bugburga taste like?

Sam: it tastes like bugs mashed into a paste, coated in flour and deep fried.

Joey: can you be more specific? If you could describe it as a vegetable...

Spikey: it's like a salad, but instead of vegetables it's made entirely of chicken

Sam: it is NOTHING like chicken- like YOU would know what chicken tastes like!

Joey: how would you describe it?

Sam: uh... savory? What's a savory vegetable?

Spikey: mushrooms?

Bianca: I always thought mushrooms tasted like death.

Sam: ...(snicker)

Spikey: you made him laugh.

Spikey: this has like, never happened before.

Little Bunny Kid: [proudly] I ATE A BUG ONCE!

Sam: (GUFFAW)

Beth nursing her kits, surrounded by a big group of punks and Happytown preds

Beth: ... and he was missing a leg, just like you.

Sergei: how many of you did he save?

Beth: oh, I wasn't born yet. My mother, nine of her brothers, my dad and his mother, twenty seven other bunnies... there were mice, shrews and squirrels too, I don't know how many. All of them hidden in crates. I don't know how he fed em.

Sergei's wife: how did he get them on the ship?

Beth: they were full of weapons, but he emptied them out, all in secret. He was a brave leopard.

Bert: ...

Bert: don't think I'm ignoring you, white child.

Sheena: what do YOU want?

Bert: which one's yours?

Sheena: I don't know what you're talking about.

Bert: well? Is it the hippo? The pig?

Bert: you don't SMELL like bunny, Sheena, you barely smell like prey. Anyone who's been within two feet of you knows that. You think you can hide that? You think you were being clever, thought you were hiding that? (Sheena is tearing up)

Bert: so who is it? What are you floofing?

Sheena: he's not a WHAT, and we're NOT FLOOFING! I LOVE him!

Bert: what is the HIM?!

(Heavy breathing over his head)

Dubba: is this your brother, Sheena? He kinda looks like you.

Sheena: (nods, wiping her eyes, messing her make up)

Bert: (sniff sniff)

Bert: ...(mute paralyzed terror)

Bert: oh.

Dubba pulls him up into a big hug

Dubba: you're MY brother **how**

Commented [21]: (right after this) Little Kid: [proudly] I ATE A BUG ONCE!

Bert: [wheeze] | **Commented [22]:** Bert: [wheeze]

Six bunny kits sit with a lion cub
Bunny1: are you a tiger?
Bunny2: tigers have stripes, dummy. Maybe she's a puma.
Cub: you never seen a lion before?
All bunnies: nope
[Little Joy (flower bunny kit) starts idly trying to toy with the Cub's claws] [whispers] "shaaarp"
Bunny1: you're not THAT big. Where's your mane?
Cub: I'm a girl, we don't have em. My daddy does though.
Bunny3: can I see your teeth?
Cub: (stern) only if you show me yours.
All the bunnies bare their flat buck teeth at her.
Cub: ya'll got reeeeeal flat teef.

Commented [23]: [Bunny 2 starts idly trying to toy with the Cub's claws] [whispers] "shaaarp"

68 part 8 (Rockers, Rabbits, Chompers and Sushi Boats)

Reporter: In what appears to be an act of passive aggressive loitering on the entrance of the Tusk Building, rabbits, collared preys, uncollared preys and... collared prey? Have taken to picnicking, yes you heard that right, in protest of... I'm not sure what they're protesting. [hand to her ear] And from what I'm getting in from the station, there have been no major activist involvement and no record of city permits issued. There are no picket signs. Maybe it IS just a picnic.

Reporter: Here at ZNN, we'll be watching and giving our viewers at home an inside look. | **Commented [24]:** [hand to her ear] "And from what I'm getting in from the station, there have been no major activist involvement and no record of city permits issued."

Koz and Son step out the limo and survey the populated lawns and steps of City Hall, where predator and prey alike have taken it upon themselves to picnic

Commented [25]: "Here at ZNN, we'll be watching and giving our viewers at home an inside look."

Morris: [we should sit with them] | **Commented [26]:** [bouncing on his heels]

Koz: or we could go and get ice cream

Morris: we could get ice cream and sit with them

Morris: or we could get them all ice cream! (His excitement zaps him, but he isn't bothered)

Morris: you think one of them would get my collar off?

Koz: crazy talk. Get back in the vehicle.

Morris: what, why?!

Koz: Papa cannot be seen at protest. Is bad for business! Will ruin me!

Gazelle: if I may, Mister Kozlov?

They both turn to look at her

Gazelle: we do not call it a protest... we are all just sharing food. In each other's company.

Gazelle: at least, all of us would be. But most of the food being shared was brought in by the rabbit family, and it's all vegetarian.

Gazelle: I know that you run a dining chain. Tell me, do you cater?

Koz: ...

In the kitchens at kozlovs palace

Tanuki Chef: yes boss! You want a sushi boat? Hello?

Koz: hold on-

Chef: ?

Morris: yeah, a DELUXE boat, all the trimmings! With extra spicy salmon rolls! And extra catfish nigiri! And two-

(Koz gestures)

no, four- TEN crates of the special borscht!

(He gestures again)

Morris: wait- no. Not the "special" stuff. The regular stuff.



At City Hall, part 1

On the steps of city hall, the diverse citizens still picnic, serenaded by Gazelle and the tigers. It's a duet with Gazelle and Ian, Anto on guitar. As they sing arm in arm, it's apparent that neither is the recipient of the emotions being expressed in the song, but are singing in union. They are both addressing a not present third person.

*I said "I'm tired", you let me rest against you
I said "I'm scared", you held me in your arms
And I don't remember a time I ever felt so confused
Until the day I'd lose
The color of your fangs on blue velvet,
Like the moonlight on the sea
And you shined so bright, like the sun
Like the holy ghost of Shere Khan
But you sang just like me
So when I tremble by your side just remember
It's just my silly little heart that's quaking
And forgive me when I quiver, don't pay a mind
To what they say
I don't want to be afraid
Because when you're not by my side
It's just my silly little heart that breaks*

Rabbit (starts crying)

Different Rabbit (from a distance): DO YOU KNOW "MY PRETTY IRENE"?

Reporter: This just in, live from the Picnic! The police have arrived! Chief Bogo is among them, **h**aving a discussion with a government employee- we can't hear what he's saying but I'm sure even our viewers at home can tell, he's not happy-

Reporter: Chief! Do you have a statement for the press? Is this currently the most pressing matter in the city for you to be present here?

Bogo: PISS OFF!

Reporter: This is Al Paca from Cud News, switching back to the studio!

The police stand aside. Armed, shielded, Tasers ready, confused. Mostly they just stand there, watching.

Bogo addresses the city hall employee who called.

Bogo: There are ACTUAL RIOTS happening in this city- vandalism, mammals blocking off roads, doctors damaging state property and barricading hospitals- RIGHT now... and you brought us all here with a code Tooth and Claw because some RABBITS were having a PICNIC?

Gnu: **are you BLIND? There are uncollared preds EVERYWHERE in this mess! Bring out the RAZORBACKS! The HORNED FORCES!! The F.L.O.C.K Team!!**

Bogo: and they threatened these citizens how?

gnu: well, uh, as of now they haven't-

bogo: [turning his back on the gnu] right boys, pack it in-

Gnu: HEY! It's my right as a civil servant to protect this territory in the face of uncontrolled preda-

Bogo: **(leans close to him)** NEARLY. EVERY PRED IN THIS CITY. IS. UNCOLLARED.

Gnu: (gulps) right now?

Bogo: YES, RIGHT! NOW! And the ZPD needs to PRIORITIZE in times of chaos and crisis. And THIS- (gestures to eating mammals) IS NOT A PRIORITY!!

Commented [27]: maybe have her comment on his facial features? "having a discussion with a government employee- we can't hear what he's saying but I'm sure even our viewers at home can tell, he's not happy."

Commented [28]: [waving his arms around, motioning to his own neck]

Commented [29]: turning back again, leaning close a few of the cops in the background break their composure to snicker
[cops in the back, muttering: damn cud chewers]

Gnu: WELL YOU'RE HERE NOW! JUST DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!

Bogo: (rolls his eyes. He looks for a place to start. Stops on a small group of rabbits)

Bogo: YOU THERE! Rabbit! Who organized this? Do you have a permit?

Rabbit: Just my brother George.

Bogo: Does *your brother George* have a permit for this?

Rabbit: What's a permit?

Bogo: (wheezes, mutters "country bunkins" under his breath)

Bogo: You NEED a PERMIT to protest in front of city hall.

Other Rabbit: Oh. Do we need one for picnicking?

Bogo: well, no but-

Rabbit: We're just picnicking officer! On this BEAUTIFUL porch!

Bogo: This is a GOVERNMENT BUILDING-

Other Rabbit: On the government's beautiful porch. If it's our bunny taxes paying for this, don't we get to enjoy it?

(sounds of general agreement)

Another Rabbit: I think it's more of a grand staircase entrance.

Kit: Like in Cinderelephant!

Other Rabbit: it's a big, pretty, porch. And the bunny tax we paid getting here could probably cover the cost of building it.

Bogo: (squints) you *are* protesting, aren't you?

Rabbit: whatever could you mean? [reaches behind him to take a sandwich from a kit] Pickled turnip?

Another Rabbit: We're just PICNICKING officer! A good old **Hopps family** picnic!

Bogo, with the weight of 2000 lbs of rabbit, picnic and realization hitting him straight between the cow eyes:

Oh. My. **Capybara**.

At City Hall, part 2

Bogo, instructing the droves of assembled officers: We won't be needing any horns here. All of you go back up the hospital raids. Elephants, hippos, rhinos, we only need one of you- we don't want anyone stepping on any rabbits by accident. Rhinowitz, you stay. The rest of you, deal with any vigilant citizens who are attempting to barricade the streets. F.L.O.C.K Team...

(assorted livestock, deer and some smaller horned ungulates. They have shields, helmets and electric batons ready)

(Bogo glances at punks and uncollared preds)

Bogo:... stay here.

Bogo steps up to George, who is talking with Reese

Bogo: I understand that you want to continue your... family picnic. We're willing to compromise, because we have more pressing issues to work out.

Bogo: But it is also under our jurisdiction to arrest any uncollared predatory mammals in the vicinity.

Bogo: *He* is breaking the law. (points to old bear) And so is anyone else in his situation.

Reese: that's not fair, they're not hurting anyone-

Bogo: You're exempt, don't worry.

George: No, he's right. The whole point of that law is to keep us prey feeling safe, but I don't see anyone feeling unsafe here. DO YOU FEEL UNSAFE, BETH?

Beth, surrounded by punks and preds: I feel fine.

George: HOW BOUT YOU, JOEY?

Joey: I'm good!

George: and *Kevin*?

Kevin was in conversation with a single dad and his kid.

Kevin: what?

George: Do YOU feel unsafe about any of this? Do you think the police should carry off any of these happy people?

Kevin:...

(he looks to the chief, to his brother, then to the dad and kid)

Kevin:...

Kevin (glaring at the chief): No.

George: see? Personally I think collars are a waste of *tax money*. How would you like being zapped all day?

Jogging to work or stubbing your toe, or...

(Bogo kneads his forehead, mumbling "how would *you* know, when *your* kind railed at us to keep them out of *your* communities")

[child in the background embracing his new predator friend: you should come over ta our farm for a sleepover-!

chorus of PLAYDATE PLAYDATE!

child: you ever played chase the prey!

predator: ooh!]

George: ... personally, I'd like to see if my sister Judy is available. You probably know her, she works for the ZPD.

Bogo: WELL she ISN'T available. WE'RE available. And we're here to-

(loud noise as a Tundratown catering truck pulls in)

Lion cub: SUSHI!!!

(preds whoop and cheer as they crowd around the lavish sushi boat, "courtesy of Gazelle and Kozlov's family dining")

Kozlov gives Bogo a nod as he swaggers to the boat, Morris on his shoulders

Bogo stares blankly at the absurdity of his current situation

Sheep officer behind shield to another officer (whispers): sometimes ... that dead fish looks really appetizing...

Other officer: ...enough to make a grazer jealous... not me though.

Commented [30]: [child in the background embracing his new predator friend: you should come over ta our farm for a sleepover-!

chorus of PLAYDATE PLAYDATE!

child: you ever played chase the prey!

predator: ooh!]



What You Really Are

Judy Hopps is leaving Meadowlands. She's pulling out in her Bunny Buick, with a box of secrets in the back seat and it's kind of like the driving scene from Psycho where concurrent disembodied voices. But this is her remembering.

Woolie: You get one shot at this. If you can get all this evidence straight to your chief, he'll HAVE to listen to you. But be cautious. This city ain't nothing if isn't wire tapped from here to Happytown. Chances are someone's already on your tail.

(In a remote place, Nancy Goetz consults a mammal who shows her exactly where Hopps had been and appears to be headed. A group breaks into Woolie's home, but he's cleaned out his room and already left with Liath.)

Bogo: ...and hand your key to THE FIRST DAMN DOG WHO ASKED FOR IT?!

Nick: people BIGGER than you... more powerful... they've tried and failed spectacularly. What makes you think you can do it?

Mueller: And I suppose HOPPS thinks she's the first cop to come sniffing about collars...

(Nancy loads a gun and gets in a car with a crony. A sniper is positioned on a rooftop, with an eye out for rabbit)

Frou: what would make a rabbit such as yourself realize that collars are wrong?

Woolie: You lived your whole life believing in it

Woolie: and years upholding their law

(Judy's front tire gets shot. It swerves in a circle and hits a fire hydrant)

Judy: what?! No!

(She looks out her window and immediately ducks as several bullets leave holes through her window)

Judy (mumbling): GREAT. Fan-FLOPPIN-tastic. I got a hit on me now.

(She starts digging through her glove compartment for a weapon)

Judy: Have to deal with THAT. Find a new vehicle. Or lug that incriminating box around on foot. Easy peasy.

(She tosses aside a pair of cuffs, a back issue of Jiggy Chomper, and pulls out Honey's Trunk Gun)

Judy: Ohhh sweet mad mother of sheep conspiracy, you were right all along!!

(Another bunch of shots come through her window)

Sniper (on Crony's walkie talkie): I can't get a clear shot. One of you's gonna have to open the door on her, get her up close.

Nancy (grabs the shotgun from Crony): I'll take that.

Nancy: Her skin is mine.

(As they exit the car, he takes out a handgun. He knocks on the shot up car window, Nancy stands a safe distance behind)

Crony: KNOCK KNOCK! You alright in there, sweetheart?

(Judy is hiding under the dashboard, checking how many darts she's got)

Crony: We saw you hit that hydrant and we're just a little...

(He breaks the window and pulls up the lock button, opening the door)

Crony: CONCERNED!

(The car is empty and the other door is unlocked, except for the dirty magazine in the passenger's seat)

Crony: huh... looks like she got out

Nancy: There's no way she got out.

Crony: (he reaches for the mag) eugh... randy rabbits-URK!!

(he is shot in the forehead and stumbles back onto the tarmac, moaning, Nancy flinches before pulling the dart out of his head)

Nancy: Tranquilizers. Not strong enough to put a buffalo out for more than twenty minutes. Police darts are never this weak...

Nancy: Weak enough to legally sell to chompers. Is that where you got them, Hopps, you natty little chew toy? From your newfound set of teeth?

Nancy: Because I plan to be through with him AND you before the day is out. Neither of you will be remembered in public consciousness except as the last traumatic chapter in the history of a soon to be PERFECT city.

(some movement behind her, she shoots at air)

Nancy: Don't think you can outrun this! Don't forget for a second what you really are!

Nancy: You're OUTGUNNED, and you're CHEAP MEAT.

(On the rooftop, the sniper is snagged with a dart)

(Nancy sees where it came from; she sees the edge of Judy's trenchcoat behind a lamppost, and moves out of range)

Nancy: I'll never forget the words my father said to me. (cocks the shotgun)

Nancy: "YOU EITHER EAT-" (BANG BANG) "OR BE EATEN."

(BANG BANG BANG)

Nancy: Evolution is survival of the fittest.

(the shape behind the lamppost falls limp)

Nancy: NATURE NEVER CHANGES, HOPPS! Only who's at the top of the food chain, that changes-

(she aims one more time)

Nancy: and you've got to do whatever is in your power to make sure that it's you.

(BANG)

(She cautiously moves past the lamppost and sees... Hopps's trench coat, plugged full of holes. She raises it, grimacing)

(and is shot by a dart in the neck)

(and in the back, again and again)

(she's on her hooves, then on her face)

Nancy: you... little pervert...

(Judy cuffs her to the lamppost)

Judy: I can live with that. We'll see you live with THIS.

(she pulls out a new tape recorder)

Playback: *"because I plan to be through with him AND you before the day is out-"*

Nancy :...

Judy: You like it? It's one of YOUR Company's. Picks up dialogue from yards away! I got it from a friend. Except he ripped out all the parts you were using to spy on civilians.

Judy: Looks like a PR disaster for the not-shock collar, don't you think? Shooting at a former officer...

(slowly, Crony begins to rise, aiming his gun)

Judy: What will the ZPD think of you? We're not fond of vigilantism, or secret mob rule for that matter, or being wiretapped-

(she immediately shoots two more darts at him)

Judy: yeah, that's my special CHEAP MEAT hearing at work there! Comes in handy! It's how a meek little lagomorph like myself survives in the police. After all, I am the fittest!

(she steals his keys)

Judy: and I'll take THAT, thanks!

Nancy's walkie talkie: *Hello? What happened-*

(Judy turns it off)

(she drives away)

68 part 11? (The close)

(Nick Wilde returns to Happytown in hope of finding the police, to find that it's nearly deserted. He is caught by someone who isn't a cop.)

As the last few Happytowners disappear into the sewers, Nick appears in a deserted city, where even the police have left to deal with things elsewhere.

Nick: you've gotta be kidding me!

Nick: I thought they barricaded the town off! Where are all the police!

On cue, an elephant officer walks into sight

Nick: YOU! MAMMAL OF THE LAW!

Cop: ?

Nick: (holds out his wrists) I'm Nick Wilde and I'm turning myself in. I want to meet the chief of police and I want HIM to deal with me.

Cop: so, where's your key?

Nick: what? I- I lost it!

Cop: right. Just like all the other Nick Wilde knock offs.

Nick: BUT I AM NICK WILDE!

Cop: and I'm Lt. Hopps.

Nick: just look at the wanted poster, it's me!

Cop: don't even bother, all you itty bitty foxes look the same to me. And there are so many of you filling up the city's jails right now there's no point in adding another wannabe who just wants to be a part of things.

Nick: but I'M-

Cop covers his muzzle w/ his trunk

Cop: shhhhhh shh shhh. Look pal. You're better than this. Better than jail. Jail just ain't the answer. Maybe the idea that jail is the only option for society's idle hands is inherently flawed. Maybe our government needs to invest more in providing vocational training, creating job opportunities and fostering diverse community involvement rather than building more walls between its citizens by allowing them to deny each other places in their circles. Maybe we need to mentor the youth who grow up in risky environments, ushering them into better futures for themselves and the generations after. Then maybe, just maybe, we could hope for a better tomorrow.

Cop: but hey. What do I know.

Nick: YOU ARE USELESS!

Cop: Useless, Sgt. Tuskerton may be, but he is no tyrant!

Nick: ARGH!!!!

He stalks off

Sits defeated on a bench

A flying newspaper hits him in the face. It's got his name on the front cover. (NICK WILDE GOES OFF)

Nick: not reading it.

Nick:...

Nick: what kind of tool reads his own news stories (he says, reading his own news story)

Nick: ...

(Shadowy figures creep behind him)

Nick: "...possibly in defiance of the New Collar system.."

Nick: heh. and the old one... and the one before that....

Nick:... (frowns)

(Shadows are right behind him)

Nick: (offended by something he read) OH, FUCK YOU!

(Shadowy figures grab him)

Part 3

Jackie, on the chief's walkie talkie: Chief, the holding cells are filling up too fast in every station. Prison buses are being delayed thanks to all this panicky nonsense- if you try to arrest the entire crowd, you're not going to have anywhere to put them!

Jackie: just bring in whoever is uncollared-

Chief: has anyone tried collaring and releasing even a few of them?

Jackie: we can't, I told you, hospitals won't cooperate!! It's like they're being commanded by mules or something. And arresting them isn't helping either-

Chief: JUST!!! (sighs) make sure there's an Asspirin ready on my desk when I get back.

Jackie: Yes sir!

Chief (kneads his brow): We haven't seen anything like this since Woodchuck.

Rhinowitz: Maybe if we're lucky, they'll set themselves on fire like last time?

Chief: Not here, I hope

Rhinowitz: It died down then, it'll die down this time too.

Rhinowitz: So what do we do?

Chief: We can bluff.

Rhinowitz: Can't believe I'm saying this, but I wish Hopps was here. She could give it to em.

Chief: Captain. Shut up.

Chief: ALRIGHT!

Chief: Since none of you will voluntarily disperse or cooperate, we are preparing to arrest ALL OF YOU!

Mammals: ...

Diane steps up: you don't have the equipment! We couldn't all fit in those vehicles!

Bogo: we have reinforcements coming. And should they not make it, we are prepared to try.

Bogo: But if you step aside and allow us to arrest those who are in contempt of the law...

Bogo: Then we can let *you* off with a warning.

George: ...

Bogo: are you prepared to have your whole family be arrested over a picnic?

Bogo: because we'll do it

Bogo: We'll just have all the minors sent back to your burrow

(bunny kit from a distance [him and a bunch of other bunnies crowding around a single, very suffocated looking, predator child] "YOU'RE A MEANIE!")

Bogo: just tell your family that it's time to *go home*.

Wolf dad: I'll go.

Wolf kid: what?

George: No you won't.

Wolf dad: Hey! You... rabbits have been too good to everyone. You're not going to jail. Just take my *nine year old*, non-pubescent child with you when you go back to your burrow.

Wolf kid: dad-

(amidst yells of protest)

Wolf dad: now is not the time to argue, son, just go with the nice rabbits-

Wolf kid: DAD!

Wolf dad: sorry, squirt, officer wants me to go-

Rhinowitz: Is anyone else going to come peacefully?

Kevin: I'LL GO TOO!

Wolf dad: that won't be necessary-

Kevin: shut up. You and your noble martyrdom. I'm not about to throw YOUR KIND under the bus so I can save MY tail!

A silence permeates the crowd

Kevin: WHAT? I CAN'T, ALRIGHT? I can't do that. N-not to you. Not to anyone here.

Commented [31]: [him and a bunch of other bunnies crowding around a single, very suffocated looking, predator child]

Wolf dad pauses, then gets down on his knees and extends his right arm in a V shape
Kevin may not completely understand the significance of the action, but he mimics its it, crossing his arm
against the wolfs
The wolf draws him into a hug
Wolf dad: that'll do.

Cheering erupts from behind Kevin as he tears up

Reporter: In a stunning turn of events, rabbits have pledge solidarity with the illegally uncollared predators!
They are prepared to follow them to jail in an act of cute and fuzzy civil disobedience!

Bogo has a look that says "yeah, I'm fucked"

(I'm very unconvinced with this last chapter. I'm going by the logic of the "white wall" - that is if white activists
put themselves between black activists and the police, then the police cannot exercise force on any of them
because it will be recognized as brutality by the media and majority. At the same time I feel like I might be
cushioning this situation too much. Does the presence of violence in other places provide enough of an excuse
for him to just send officers away and try and handle it lightly? Should he be more brutal? At what point does
he stop trying to negotiate and finally start pepper spraying/tranquilizing civilians? Any thoughts?)

Commented [32]: we'll go over this all on the weekend
or whenever you're available!

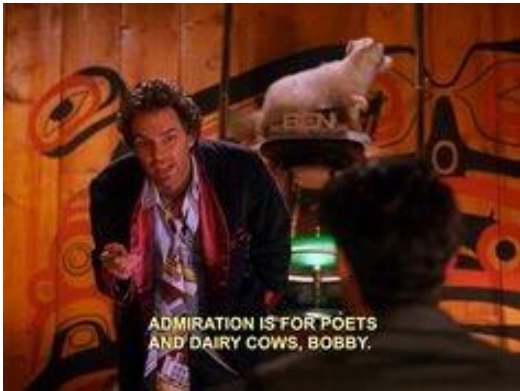
Nick, a staunch free market capitalist, faces last temptation

- Lamar offers him a deal: That they work to abolish collars and substitute them with sedatives. He flatters him, tells him that he's business savvy, tells him he admired how he ran Wild Times and thinks he could totally get an honorary Business Degree from Harvard.

(The shadow self archetype, which represents what you were or what you could have been)

Ultimately, Nick refuses.

The Razzabanks break in and take him to Dawn



69 part 2 (or later?)

(Finnick, Gwen and Claw pick up the Angels. Or do the Angels pick them up?)

The van finds itself parked in front of a barricade made of CARS in the middle of the road

Claw: what now?

Finn: I'm tryna THINK!

Gwen: the police were headed to city hall, and if he's following them we might find him before he gets there... but how far until he reaches?

Finn: he'll get there before we get past THIS MESS!

Gwen: what if we just run for it?

Finn: and leave the van?! It'll get TOWED!

Gwen: What's more important, the van or your friend?

Loud banging on the back door

Voice: FINNICK!

Finn: !!

Cherry kicks open the door, looking tired, miserable, sweaty

Cherry: you would not BELIEVE the day we've had!

Finn: what's wrong, baby?

Angel pushes her out of the way

Angel: FIRST we get fired and thrown outta bosko the bear's limo- then Nilla's been trying to call a cab all day but NONE of the services are picking up! It's like there's some kind of public emergency going on!

Claw: aw, that's harsh

Cherry: we were thumbing for rides in the hot sun for hours! How do you HANDLE the heat, Finn? My pretty soft fur is just DROPPING OUT!

Finn: don't you fret, sugar! Here, I'll turn the conditioning up-

Cherry: oh, thank you Finnick-

Gwen: we're getting off track here!

Gwen: Nick's gone cuckoo bananas and if we don't stop him, he's about to make the bad decision to end all bad decisions

Angel: what? Why? (She picks up a paper)

Claw: have you been tuned out COMPLETELY these past few days?

Angel: I KNOW why, but WHY why? It couldn't have gotten THAT bad- oh. Wow.

Finn: we think it might have something to do with his questionable and perverse interest in a certain bunny rabbit formerly in the employ of the ZPD

Cherry: I KNEW it!

Gwen: if he turns himself in before we find him-

Nilla appears at the back: they already got him.

Everyone: WHAT?!

Nilla: I saw where they were headed! but we'll have to skulk past the barricade on foot

Claw: well what are we WAITING FOR!

Cherry: OUT! OUT OF THE VAN!

Finnick: but-

Gwen: NOW!

Angel still reads the paper, dumbfounded, before Cherry grabs her and pulls her out

#70

Dawn, two razorbacks, gripping Nick by arms, enter a conference room in silence. Nick looks apprehensive.

Dawn pulls down a diagram, a big fake smile on her face.

Dawn: You're a reasonable fox, Mr. Wilde. If you'll hear my proposal out I guarantee that you and EVERYONE in this society will come out better for this.

Nick looks absolutely fuckin done

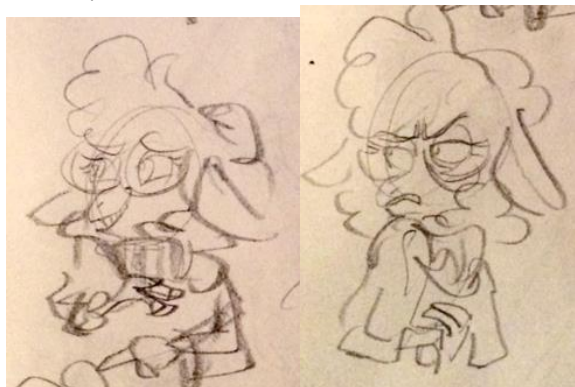


Dawn: The New Collar was repeatedly reworked and tested to insure its safety and proven to improve all forms of physical and mental performance in daily life! Not only does the wearer love living with it, but they will refuse to live without it. And we want you to be the NEW FACE of-

Nick: Ugh.

Dawn: The NEW COLLAR! And the NEW ZOOTOPIA! You know a good deal when you see it, Wilde. After all, foxes are known for their intelligence-

Nick: Stop.



Dawn: ...

Nick: Just. Stop. This. Stop trying to lick my tail, it's embarrassing. I am never going to be your crony, ever. I'm not endorsing dummy pills, or new collars, or whatever sick thing you cook up next.



Dawn: I see.

Nick: You're better off just handing me to the chief of police. They're kinda looking for me at the moment. I have morals. Not great ones, but...



Dawn begins to open a suitcase

Nick: what... what is that?



Dawn: If you feel the need to pretend you've got morals all of a sudden, then there's no use trying to help you out in this situation. You get the bad deal.

Dawn: You can be amenable.

She tosses aside the New Collar and pulls out a Savage Collar.

Dawn: Or you can be FERAL.



Nick: Wait, what? No...



Dawn: This thing? Will make YOU into a little mini Manchas! And when you pit your nasty tooth and claw on that harmonious crowd outside, they'll be more divided and terrified of each other than they ever were before! Imagine the headlines- ROBIN HOOD OF HAPPYTOWN GOES SAVAGE, MAULS EVERYTHING IN SIGHT! This little "unified congregation" will be a thing of the past, just like the FLOWER EATERS, and the FLEECERS-

Nick: NO!!



Dawn: and your FOOLISH FOX DAD-

Dawn: But I'll let you in on a little secret.



Dawn: As long as you control your little chomper temper, and keep that heart beat nice and steady, you might stay sound of mind.



Dawn: Who are we kidding, though? As your record shows, you’ve NEVER been good at that!



Nick: But I never chose to be savage. You did. You and everyone who agreed to this.



Dawn:...



Dawn: Bite me.



Nick: >:V

Dawn: Drop him, boys, he won't budge if he knows what's good for him.

They drop him in a chair.

Dawn: Remember, Nick. Niiiiiice and easy.

They exit the room and leave the door wide open.

#71

Finnick, Gwen, Clawhauser and the Angels are in front of city hall.

Clawhauser: You sure you saw them take him in?

Nilla: Positive.

Clawhauser: But it's swarming with police in there...

Finnick: It was nice knowing him.

Cherry: FINNICK!

Finnick: WHAT? We supposed to commit zoocide for this crazy jerk?

Gwen: I don't care if YOU pussy out, but I'M going to save my friend.

Angel: Yeah, and get strapped with a joy buzzer while you're at it!

Nilla: Alright all of you, ZIP IT!

Nilla: To anyone, we would appear to be the LEAST synergetic crew imaginable. And it's true, that foxes are psychologically predisposed to solitude and self-interest.

Nilla: but we're not just any foxes!

Nilla: We were born and raised in an era where no one could hope get by on their own, so our people came together. Nature says we snarl and reject company- but nurture says WE LOOK OUT FOR EACH OTHER!

Nilla: WE are TWENTIETH CENTURY FOXES!

Nilla: and WE are going to save *OUR* FRIEND!

Gwen: Yeah! Contemporary foxes!

Cherry: New vixens!

Finnick: MODERN REYNARD!

They run into the building.

Clawhauser: But I'm a cheetah

Angel: You can come too.

They have to duck behind a column when an officer walks by.

Cherry: Maybe we can cover more ground if we split.

Finnick: Too risky, you wanna get caught?!

Angel: well what's YOUR suggestion, tiny? Crawl in the vents?

Clawhauser: If I were an evil sheep overlord, where would I take my prisoner?

Gwen begins to walk in a direction, sniffing the air.

Gwen: I smell...

Nilla looks at her, catches on and also starts sniffing, but everyone else goes on arguing.

Gwen: wool... wheatgrass juice.

Nilla: that's no good. (sniff) Fancy cologne?

Gwen: (closes her eyes) I smell...

Gwen: RABBITS!

Gwen darts off, but Nilla is spotted by an officer

Nick is huddled in a corner of the room, pacifying himself



Gwen: NICK!

Nick: (hi gwen.)





Gwen: We found you! Don't worry, you'll be out of here in no time!

Nick:...



Gwen: Look, I'm sorry I set you off earlier, but let's bolt before the cops find us! Everyone's waiting.

She reaches out to his shoulder, but he flinches.

Nick: (you need to go).

Gwen: What? WE need to go!

Nick: (gwen, i can't run).



Gwen: What is with the whispering? Don't DO this! We came all this way to help you! Look at me Nick! LOOK AT ME! Will you turn to salt if you turn to look at me?



Nick turns to scream at her. Gwen flinches backwards.



"Nick?"

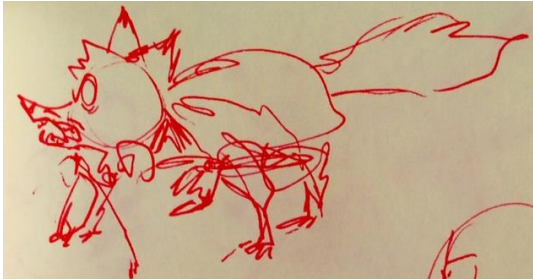


As he inches towards her on all fours, she falls backwards.





He sniffs at her, she is terrified



Suddenly, he hears Bellwether outside



Gwen: NICK? WAIT!

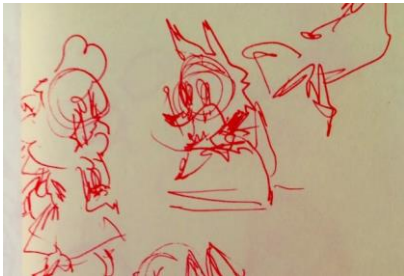
He runs on all fours out towards the entrance, and his friends see him dash outside. Once he's there, some of Judy's siblings look happy to see him. This soon turns into horror.



Bellwether turns to see just how fucked she is



Dawn: oh no.



Everyone watches with fear and bated breath as he circles in on her.
From far away, Judy spots him.

Judy: Nick?

Honey: It's Nick...

Clawhauser: NICK, NO!

Finnick: what is he DOING?



Bogo: HE'S GONE SAVAGE! TRANQUILIZE HIM!

Judy: NO!

Pronk aims his tranquilizer at Nick.



Judy: I TOLD YOU TO HOLD YOUR FIRE!

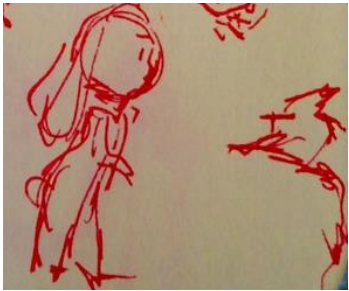




Pronk drops his gun.
Silence. Nick's attention is on her.



Judy: what did they do to you?





A scream from the crowd



Honey: LIEUTENANT!

She slides the deactivation key to Judy.



He spits at her



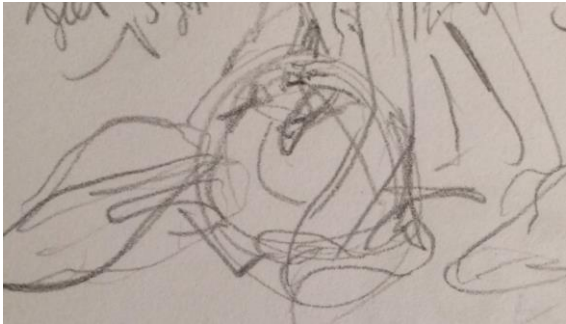
Judy: what, is that all you got? You're usually wittier.



Judy: Come on, Nick. This isn't you.



Judy: This isn't you... You're not big teeth and sharp claws. You're not a killer.



Judy: Your heart is just too big for that.



Judy: Close your eyes. Deep breaths. There we go.



Judy: Isn't that much better?



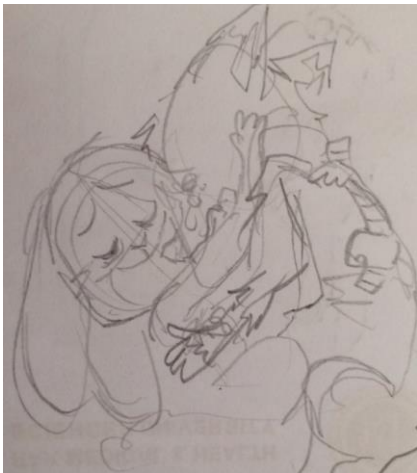
Judy: How are ya?



Nick: Judy...

Judy: It's okay. I'm okay.

She deactivates his collar.



Nick: Judy!

Judy: Oh, get in here.

Nick: ...did I hurt anyone?

Judy: You didn't hurt anybody.



Nick: Are you sure?

Judy: I'm sure.

#72

A wave of confusion ripples through the crowd as mammals attempt to understand what they saw

Mammal1: I can't believe my eyes!

Mammal2: He almost killed her! How can she just embrace him like that, isn't she scared?

Mammal3: Momma! What happened?

Bogo: what did I just witness?

Bucky: It's a conspiracy, chief!

He grips his boss's shoulder and desperately shoves the KAMultra files at him

Bucky: Someone's been doing horrible experiments, trying to make predators look bad! They invented collars that make you savage, and put them on random civilians!

Ernie: We found their factory, its true!

Bogo: You expect me to believe HE'S the victim here?

Bucky: No. HE is!

Bucky points at Manchas, whereas Bogo immediately pulls his trunk gun out on him, and the other officers follow suit

Bogo: What is he doing out of solitary?

Bucky: he wasn't IN solitary, chief! We're telling you, he was framed!



Nick: What I would have given...



Nick: ...in all those empty, wasted years...

Bogo: -is this some kind of JOKE?



But Judy has had enough
She pushes Nick aside



And turns to face the mayor



The chattering in the crowd grows louder, but Bogo does not take his eyes off of Judy



And neither does Dawn
Bogo; Hopps what are you-?
But Nick catches on.
Nick: JUDY, NO!





A scream unlike any other erupts from this rabbit



After a stunned silence from the crowd

Rocker: WHAT A NOISE!

And, savage as the day she was born, Judy lunges at Dawn



Nick: NO NO NO NO!

Bogo drops his trunk gun, stunned. Everyone is.

Nick manages to grab Judy before she can sic her rage on the sheep

But he cannot calm her down



Nick: stop, stop, just, stay still, lemme get it off-
She kicks and screams, and he bears her scratches and her attempts to bite him



Nick: You're better than this, Hopps, you can't- OW!
Nick: Judy IT'LL KILL YOU-
Immediately, she falls limp in his arms



Nick: !!
There are tranquilizer darts in her, but he didn't see them



Nick: JUDY!! Judy!

Next panel reveals it was Manchas who shot her.



Nick struggles to get the collar off of her

Bogo cannot even

Bogo: I don't understand...

Bucky: Chief, it was THE COLLAR! It was THE COLLAR that made her savage!

The news crew crowds around Nick

Mammals all over the city are witnessing the events at city hall



Rabbits move to crowd around them

#73

As we close in on the factory in the canals, mooks are trying to flee the place as fast as they can. Many of them nearly do, but not before the ZPD arrive to take them down, led by Bucky, Ernie, and the chief.

(Cut to Bogo, standing at the podium where Bellwether spoke only weeks before. The pain and regret on his face etches the portrait of a man who has failed himself and the society he swore to protect. He is haunted.)

Bogo: ...

(He looks down on the notes he had written for himself, and drops them on the podium.)

Bogo: It is with... terrible pang of conscience. That I inform this city of what has been happening to it on a grand and undetected scale. We have been misled, manipulated and divided.

Bogo: a crime of this proportion cannot be hidden or ignored by the public after it has been discovered. And I will disclose to you our complete findings, frankly and without omission.

(Cut back to scenes of Carnifaux)

Bogo: A hidden facility, located in the far end of the canals, was home to approximately 150 experimental projects, under a program labelled "KAMULTRA". This has been going on for twenty years, if not longer.

Thanks to the destruction of some of their early documentation we cannot be certain.

(Mooks are arrested)

Bogo: This project was funded on government money, and carried out with the resources of Goetz Tech, Monsando Chemical and the Burnsco Energy Plant. We have located and are currently questioning the upper management of all three companies, as well as the Mayor, and making inquiries in city hall itself- although we have failed to find the whereabouts of Buford Burns.

(Detective P.H. Prancer is sitting on the docks of the factory, crying into his hooves)

Bogo: Exactly 127 living experiment subjects were found in that facility. All of them were predators. There is documented evidence of hundreds more of them recruited over the last twenty years.

Bogo: In most, but not all, of these cases, the experiment subjects had given their consent- but without wholly knowing what they were consenting to. Some of these unfortunate people were homeless citizens who voluntarily signed up for the assurance of food and shelter. Others were former convicts promised their freedom once they had completed their allotted service.

(Cut to a flashback of a pred in a prison suit, hunched over a desk, a goat across from him

"Just one year, and you will be free to see your family again".

John Wilde signs his name on the dotted line, and looks up at Elwood Goetz)

Bogo: They seldom did.

(Gazelle is reunited with a Stepford Smiling Caleb, who promptly has his colla removed with a cutter.)

Bogo: Some of these mammals were test subjects for experimental models of the Tame Collar. A majority were found to be under the influence of the most recent model. They were passive to the point of vulnerability, suggestible. Their minds numb. Slaves.

Bogo: This was the bullet that our city nearly failed to dodge.

Bogo: It further came to our attention that this project has been actively working to suppress public knowledge about the Collar, going as far as to destroy evidence of its side effects from hospitals, both psychiatric and general, as well as suppressing any attempts at statistical studies.

(Bogo joins Prancer on the docks, looking pained and shocked)

Bogo: Amidst the chaotic events of recent, and these new revelations, some... very courageous mammals have stood to object to the necessity of the collar in our city's security measures. Their demand is to be granted.

(All the mammals who were at city hall have taken refuge in the Hopps home. They cheer ecstatically at this announcement)

(Frankie Wilde crying in her home

“Oh, Nicky...”)

Bogo:...

Bogo: This city is broken.

Bogo: We let it last this long, and we let it get this bad. In our attempt to prevent violence, we inflicted the violence... we preyed upon our own residents. In a fair and just society, no one should be the prey.

Bogo: Though we cannot hope to make up for the atrocities committed by our own government, and by our collective ignorance and indifference, we hope to take a step towards creating a society where the suffering of our citizens is not swept under the rug.

Bogo: That is all.